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a lawyer, to know that behind the black type of the cases and statutes lay a lawyer's world with very broad horizons indeed. He inoculated with a hardy skepticism and this he hoped would be lasting protection against a flabby mind operating on flabby principle.

Although he could and did render some fine performances, the Dean was no mere showman and his classes had no atmosphere of the vaudeville. He had dignity and elegance, his manners were faultless and he had an exquisite sense of humor. I have often thought what a great trial lawyer he would have been. Instead he was a great professor, an excellent Dean and a dear friend to us all. We are the best for it. This we know and are grateful.

Epitaph by Mr. Justice Douglas

IN THE CLASSROOM AND THE WORLD, A REACH FOR FAR HORIZONS

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS*

When I first met Wesley A. Sturges he was beginning to write his book *Commercial Arbitrations and Awards* which was published in 1930. Indeed our first real visit was in the stacks of the Law Library in Hendrie Hall about midnight when he was putting the finishing touches on one chapter. Prior to then, I had been elected to the Yale Law faculty. That night in the Law Library and later in an all-night cafe over a cup of coffee, we fashioned the first bonds of friendship.

Wes Sturges, a Vermonter, had some of the qualities of granite. His friendship was durable; his convictions were not easily eroded. Mt. Mansfield in Vermont, viewed from a distance, shows a profile of a prostrate man—Forehead, Nose, Lips, Chin, and Adam's Apple. The Chin is the highest point, which leads Vermonters to say, "Thank God Vermont carries its Chin higher than its Nose." Wes Sturges held his chin high—proudly individualistic and courageous.

He was one of the best law teachers of this century—provocative, teasing, argumentative, challenging. He forced students to reach far horizons. He made fun of the conventional, he defied conformist doctrine, he demanded improvement of the *status quo*. Those who are the best teachers usually are not prolific scholars. Wes Sturges combined both talents. Yet he tired of each; and some of his happiest years, I think, were in administration. Yale Law School has had many outstanding Deans. Yet I believe that he was in a way the Deans' Dean during his two terms from 1945 to 1954. He was champion of the younger man

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and the off-beat, nonconformist who was bringing new light to the law. He fought the entrenchment of mediocrity so strenuously that he in time tired of being Dean at Yale.

Yet at Miami he returned to the task; and in the last talk I had with him (in the Spring of 1962) he fairly bubbled with excitement over the large design of what he thought would in time be America's finest law school.

His interests were so diverse he never became pedantic. A few times when he left the law he did so out of a feeling of challenge. He always returned to find life's fulfillment in the discipline which has made his memory bright in the lives of hundreds of lawyers and judges. His standards were exacting ones. Rules and principles of law were honored but only if they served the social purpose that promoted the good life. He was more interested in what a rule did to people, what its impact was on the living, than what was its origin in antiquity. Some called his jurisprudence "sociological" and they often used the word derisively. Yet he knew that the law was not carved in stone by gods but shaped by judges who were human. He knew that their predilections and their particular values often fashioned it. Wes Sturges also knew that the judge who shouted the loudest that he was deciding cases by the law, not by his personal values, was like the lady who protested too much. He had no respect for them. He knew that law and justice were handmaidens even in the workings of federalism. He had until his last day only disrespect for those who pretended that the spectacles men wore had nothing to do with what they decided, either on or off the bench.†

A Fragment From Memories: Yale's Rodell

TO A YOUNGER COLLEAGUE, THE LIGHT OF A GENTLE GENIUS

FRED RODELL*

If ever a born-and-bred Vermonter seemed to belie his native heritage—that heritage of marble hardness and monosyllabic yep-nope monasticism—it was Wesley Alba Sturges, as gentle and gregarious a soul as ever nudged a class toward knowledge or called an acquaintance to casual talk across the tables down at Mory's. Yet he retained a small deposit of Vermont gravel in his voice, that muted fog-horn which could turn so fast to an almost choking chuckle, half-embarrassed as though he might

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